THE SCIENTIFIC GUNMAN

By ARTHUR B. REEVE

Craig Kennedy, the "Scientific Detective," wins a remarkable duel of wits with a master criminal whose methods are as scientific as his own.

(Chapter), 1912, to Strong & Smith.

STROPES OF PRECEDENC SPRIALMENTS. STREET Tree Warrigten, millemeire and a bid of a doesn't neithe the one remaining probless: How did they all net out? Let a
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It was only too evident that he had
guessed right. In the unitar we
quickly discovered at the rear a sheet
from door. Hattering it down was but
work of a mannet for the little rain.
Here, a sectorial detection describe that she has
less: Upon examining has holy. Orang has
less: How did they all put out?

It was only too evident that he had
guessed right. In the cellar.

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It was only too evident that
had guessed s wide outside the general bound out of which the building toward out of which the sunday was taken. More Wagness that man who had gone through had comedy served the error of affairs to Warnage evidently exploded a small dynamits. be round former or careed, and agrees to according to the ground former of according to the granting joint to get evidently exploded a small dynamite factoring in the state of the single point of the single point of and from the course could be carefully for the single point of the sin

> CHAPTER VI. The Raid.

was the work of only a few seconds before the outside door had been literally lifted up until tte hinges bulged and cracked.

inch, by millimetres, the door was be used in either direction," itself would stand the strain.

"Scientific Jimmying." gasped Craig. clue. as the door bulged more and more,

The door buckled and was literally and carry off the rest." wrenched off its hinges. Craig sprang The telephone bell rang. Evidently back, grasping me by the arm and in their haste they had not cut the need of caution. What was left of not yot searned of the raid was calithe door swung back, seemed to trom. ing up. ble a moment, and then, with a dull Kennedy quickly unbooked the rethud, crashed down on the beautiful ceiver, with a hasty motion to us to

block, nor by the roofs, or even the into the tortuous twists of streets happened?" I gasped, gripping the back yard, there was not a soul in that stamp the old Greenwich Vilthe house from roof to cellar. Search lage with a character all its own, the as we did, we found not one of the worse it seemed to get, scores of people whom I had seen. At last our cab turned down a enter in the course of the evening. street that was particularly dark.

back on may order of the courts.

"Still," ruminated Kennedy, "that doesn't settle the one remaining prob.

ing but a pile of bricks and earth and ter to Warragen's secretary Value Wission timbers that had been used for alloy-

blers had managed to slip out of our grasp, at least for the present.

CHAPTER VII.

The Gangster's Garage. HAVE it," exclaimed Kennedy, as we were retracing our steps upstairs from the It cettar. "I would be willing before the unwented at- to wager that that tunnel runs back to the poolroom for women which we Then Kennedy attacked the toebox visited on Forty-seventh Street, Waldoor, and upward, by fractions of an ter. That is the secret exit. It could

forced. There was such a straining We climbed the stairs and stood and stress of materials that I actually again in the wreck of things, taking began to wonder whether the building a hasty inventory of what was left in the hope of discovering some new

Kennedy shook his head mournfully. and threatened to topple in at any "They had just time enough," he remarked, "to destroy what we wanted,

pulling me too. But there was no wires, any how. Some one who had

one-eight-aught? Thank you. Give with anything, man or beast.

mescaphicagilly Tanks you message of the search of the garage, turning the headingst the describance of the search of the garage, turning the headingst the describance of the search of

O'Connor, ever mindful of some of "This is it," announced Craig, tap-ness," muttered Craig, as he worked the absurd rules of evidence in such ping on the glass for the driver to

Can You Beat It?

By Maurice Ketten



more men go through the rear of this Central. Tell me what number that closely by both of us, prepared for but I have managed to work it open McRirney, as a threatened strangle seemed to drag interminably. Al- these wires that are now dangling on house. The rest stay here and await was which called up. Bieceker seven- an onrush or hand-to-hand struggle again."

I-I don't feel anything-but, ah, my hend and throat."

cases laid down by the courts, had stop, "We had better get out and over O'Connor O'Connor opened his

the about foliar for the cuttine in such piles on the glass for the citives to common date and photographier assummend, and will the rest of the way."

The way proceeding from room to the process which we south proved from the way process which we south proved from the proved from the

off quickly.

The door had yielded to the scient lather street address of Blaccker seven: us. I do not recall feeling the alight.

the added.

The painting new license numbers, the State?

The added.

The painting new license numbers, the State?

The question was as yet unanswer-were two black disks, about two and one-half inches in diameter. They had in the centre of each a circular dometrow, I'm sure.

The places that ought to interest you was, was still at large. What might had in the centre of each a circular hole, about an inch across, showing fellow who owns this place is one of the stolen inside what looked like a piece of iron inside what looked like a piece of iron on those who'd engage to sell you a sector of any make you want way so to seem to least two. Don't, for Heaven's sake, let out on the same size as the one. Of course, we'll find out his would claim the cars he could idented to it were two black disks, about two and the ment of the place and pick up the ends of those wires one-half inches in diameter. They were two black disks, about two and the disks, about two and dismeter. They had in the centre of each a circular had in t

"How are you fellows? I got your happen to break the monotony and must rick up the connection in some hinted, "up the state."

"How are you fellows? I got your happen to break the monotony and must rick up the connection in some hinted, "up the state."

Craig had meanwhile brought out the other detailment on box, which the other detailment on box, which place, isn't it? Neat, cosy, well lottere was not even a ring at the tellogical place, isn't it? Neat, cosy, well lottere was not even a ring at the tellogical place, isn't it? Neat, cosy, well lottere was not even a ring at the tellogical place, isn't it? Neat, cosy, well lottere was not even a ring at the tellogical place, isn't it? Neat, cosy, well lottere was not even a ring at the tellogical place, isn't it? Neat, cosy, well lottere was not even a ring at the tellogical place, isn't it? Neat, cosy, well lottere was not even a ring at the tellogical place, isn't it? Neat, cosy, well lottere was not even a ring at the tellogical place, isn't it? Neat, cosy, well lottere was not even a ring at the tellogical place, isn't it? Neat, cosy, well lottere was not even a ring at the tellogical place, isn't it? Neat, cosy, well lottere was not even a ring at the tellogical place, isn't it? Neat, cosy, well lottere was not even a ring at the tellogical place, isn't it? Neat, cosy, well lottere was not even a ring at the tellogical place, isn't it? Neat, cosy, well lottere was not even a ring at the tellogical place, isn't it? Neat, cosy, well lottere was not even a ring at the tellogical place, isn't it? Neat, cosy, well lottere was not even a ring at the tellogical place, isn't it? Neat, cosy, well lottere was not even a ring at the tellogical place, isn't it? Neat, cosy, well lottere was not even a ring at the tellogical place, isn't it? Neat, cosy, well lottere was not even a ring at the tellogical place, isn't it? Neat, cosy, well lottere was not even a ring at the tellogical place, isn't it? Neat, cosy, well lottere was not even a ring at the tellogical place, isn

had of being thrown down hastly

had of being thrown down haptily into the discard, he was able to conceal this wire, also, in such a way as it wire, also, in such a way as it wire and through it.

Next he turned his attention to the interphone itself. Another instrument which he had brought with him was inserted in pieces of the ordinary transmitter. It looked like it, and had evidently been prepared with that in view I assumed that it must act like the ordinary transmitter also, altimate to attach one of the wires from delectaphone and brought them putting in the rope ladder after he will be a sort of the telephone wires and run in a sort of tap line at a point where it would not be likely that it would. "Here, try it yourself," he

detectaphone—a new, unseen listener.
For instance, that attachment which I placed on the telephone is much smore than a sensitive transmitter.
There are in it the minutest globules of carbon which are floating around and make it alive at all times and extremely sensitive. But as it only replaces the regular transmitter, its better than any buil that ever poundpresence will never be suspected. ed a beat."

"What did the boss say?"

That operates just as well when the "Mad as — We gotter lay That operates just as well they now."
receiver is hung up. Even if they now."
The chief's gone up the State. find the other one back of the tire.

the most suspicious person would not "We can guess all we want. The

McBirney, as a threatened strangle seemed to drag interminably. Al- these wires that are now danging. We gang, if it was a gang, had disaphold turned to a hearty handshake, most I wished that something would the outside of that window. We peared, as one of the men had already

NEXT WEEK'S COMPLETE NOVEL MIRABEL'S ISLAND

By LOUIS TRACY

Why a beautiful and cultured girl should be living alone n a storm-except island is only the starting point of the baffling mysteries that the shipwrocked here of the story, who fell in loss with her, set himself to solve.

BEGINS IN NEXT MONDAY'S EVENING WORLD

sort of tap line at a point where it would not be likely to be noted. This was done by Kennedy still in silence, and the wires from this ted behind various things, until they, too, reached out of another window.

As Craig finished his mysterious tinkering and rose from his dusty job to brush off his clothes he remarked: "There, now you may have your heart's desire, O'Connor, if you want to watch these people."

"What is it?" I hastened to ask, "It is not a dictograph, or a microphone, such as we have used before, I can see that."

"It is much more sensitive, I think," he answered, "than any mechanical or electrical cavesdropper that has ever been employed before. It is the detectaphone—a new, unseen listener. For instance, that attachment which